The Hiſto

Henry the Fo

Enter the King, Lord *Iohn* of
Weſtmerland, wit

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wa
Finde we a time for fright
And breathe ſhort winde
To be commenc't in ſtro
No more the thirſty entrance of thi
Shall dawbe her lips with her owt
No more ſhall trenching Warre ch
Nor bruiſe her flowers with the a
Of hoſtile paſes : thoſe oppoſed ey
Which like the Meteors of a troub
All one nature, of one ſubſtance br
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſh
And furious cloſe of ciuill butchery
Shall now in mutuall wel-beſeemin
March all one way, and bee no more
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and
The edge of Warre, like an ill-ſhea
No more ſhall cut his Maſter : ther
As farre as to the Sepulchre of Chr
Whoſe ſouldier now, vnder whoſe
We are impreſſed and engag'd to f
Forthwith a power of *Engliſh* ſhal
Whoſe armes were moulded in thei
To chaſe theſe *Pagans* in thoſe hol
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſ

A